



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

*The shifts and turns, the expedients and inventions,
*Multiform; to which the mind resorts in chase of
term,

"Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win.

"To arrest the fleeting images that fill

"The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast;

"And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off

"A faithful likeness of the forms he views."

CHAPTER I.

"IT is quite impossible, Sir," said a rough looking soldier, as he marked "G. R." on a stage-coach, at the entrance of the city of Bath; "if you were to give me a thousand pounds I could not suffer you to continue in the coach. The troops must be conveyed to the rendezvous on Barham Downs; and if you want to get on, you have no other alternative than to march as fast as your legs can carry you." "They will carry me, I fear, but a little farther," said a young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age, in a dejected tone; "and I fear it will be too late. I shall never again behold my father: Oh, God, let me but see him once more! let me but evince my affection and duty to him in this one instance of attention! let me but arrive in time to close his dying eyes, to receive his parting benediction, and I am content to resign him." So saying, he descended from the carriage, with a small bundle on his arm; and proceeded out of the city as fast as possible.

The rain, which poured in torrents, retarded not his steps; he appeared to

have lost every other recollection in anxiety for the life of his parent; his pace was hurried and agitated; his frame was sinking under the united pressure of fatigue and long watching; and he had scarcely travelled a mile, ere, unable to proceed, he was obliged to sit down, on the side of the road, to recruit his exhausted strength.—His dress, though plain, and much decayed from long service, concealed not the beauty of his manly form; and his countenance, though languid, and enveloped in deep melancholy, while it bespoke the sorrow which corroded his heart, also attracted the attention and observation of all those who accidentally passed him, as it evidently bespoke the intelligence and dignity of the mind of its owner. A few moments after he had thus seated himself, a lady passed him in a neat post-chaise: the disconsolate youth cast a wishful glance at the vehicle; he advanced a few paces; and, as if conscious of the turpitude of his conduct, again retreated. He retraced, in imagination, the long and weary journey he had taken; he anticipated his probable disappointment at its conclusion, and wept as if internally convinced, that he should not behold alive the father who he had travelled thus far to see. The lady was in possession of one of the best qualities of human nature—philanthropy; her heart pleaded for the stranger's distress—alas! it was but too visible in his pallid face and hollow eye. She felt a sort of intuitive conviction of his secret wishes, and, pulling the string of the carriage, beckoned him to approach—he did so; she demanded whither he was going—"to K—?" "Yes madam," was the reply. "I am going to the same place," said she, in gentle and compassionate tones, "and, as I want a compan-

ion you may put down the step of the chaise, and seat yourself by me." The youth lifted his fine eyes to her matronly face, with a look of ineffable gratitude, and having repeatedly thanked her, he did as he was commanded, and for some time they proceeded in silence towards the place of their destination. The benignant smile of the lady soon drew from her companion an account of the distressful circumstances which had occasioned his journey:—he was, he informed her, the son of a gentleman, who had broken two of his ribs by the overturn of a chaise, and who now lay at the Inn at K—, with little hope of recovery;—that he had received intimation of his father's danger, and had travelled, without intermission or interruption, from Oxford, at which place he was a student, on foot, and had rested neither night nor day,— "and when," continued he, a faint blush tinged his cheek, "I had arrived almost at the conclusion of my pilgrimage, and hoped to prosecute my journey in a more commodious manner, which I found, on examination of my little store, I was rich enough to afford, the unexpected demand for carriages in the City of Bath reduced me to the painful necessity of continuing my way on foot—but my weary limbs refused the task assigned them, and almost in despair I threw myself down in the place where your benevolence found me.—Alas!" concluded he, "I fear I shall never again behold my father—no more witness the fond tear of ineffable affection stealing down his manly face—no more be folded in his arms, which have been my security and protection for more than twenty years—no more behold that countenance which has bent over my bed in sickness, which shielded me from poverty.—O Madam, in the

wide world I had but one friend—God only knows what is now his fate!" "Lieut. Notterville has indeed suffered greatly," said the lady. The young man started at the seeming knowledge of his father, which this speech implied;—he did not, however, interrupt her, and she proceeded—"but his sufferings will be rewarded in a better world: the accident was dreadful from the beginning, yet he might have survived, had not a mortification ensued." The young man looked at the speaker with an emotion which he vainly struggled to subdue, and at length, bursting into tears, he exclaimed—"Yes, that, and that only can reward him for all his sufferings, for all his virtues:—Oh," cried he eagerly, grasping the lady's hand, "tell me, may I yet hope—does he still live?" The lady answered not, but her silence, and the look of pity with which she regarded him, convinced him at once of the extent of his misfortune;—he no longer held her passive hand, it dropped from between his; his bosom was convulsed with sobs, tears continued to stream down his youthful cheek, and he remained for some time in sorrowful silence, which Mrs. Walsingham, with the voice of consolation at length broke. "Ah, madam!" said he, "had you but known my father, had you like me witnessed his conduct in the trying hour of adversity, had you beheld his ardent piety—you would have mourned like me his untimely destiny. But the storm of life is now past over, and the frail bark is at last anchored in an haven of security; and would to God that the perturbed Lewisham could descend with him to the tomb, and that I could be like him at peace!" "The impatience you evince, my young friend," said Mrs. Walsingham, "under this affliction of Divine Providence, leads me to suppose you as yet a novice in the great school of misfortune; time will blunt the acuteness of your sorrow, and with the increase of your years, you will find the keen edge of sensibility gradually wear away. Endeavour by an imitation of your father's virtues to honour his memory; and whenever you find the violence of uncontrolled passion likely to lead you astray, call to your remembrance his advice and example, and endeavour to subdue those tremulous vibrations of the heart, that quick impulse of feeling, which, while it heightens all our pleasure, multiplies by millions both our anxiety and our care. Call also to your aid the precepts of a holy religion—it will

be your support and consolation in all the trials of life: it will conduct you gently from yourself, the world, and its frail passions, to reflections on a future and better state—where every sorrow shall be lost, every wound healed, every hope realized. Reflect that it was the goodness of the Omnipotent which bestowed on you the first of all blessings—a good and virtuous parent; and then acknowledge with holy Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' O," continued she, clasping her hands "how many without this blessed consolation would groan through life under the pressure of strong calamity! how many fly from retrospection to the gates of suicide! and how many persecuted by the world, and wasted by disease, would sink untimely to the grave!"—Overwhelmed as it appeared by the recollection of some former distress, Mrs. Walsingham was for a few moments deprived of that dignified calmness and self-possession which usually accompanied both her words and actions; but a few moments restored her recollection, and she endeavoured during the remainder of the way to lighten the cares of her companion. The chaise soon after stopping at the Inn where the remains of the lieutenant lay, she bade him a friendly adieu, at the same time assuring him she should be happy to receive him, should inclination lead him to her habitation. As she continued her course, her reflections turned on the interesting countenance of the youth, and the melancholy scene he would have to encounter alone. By a strange concatenation of ideas, his person brought to her recollection the days of her youth, and she could not repress the strong interest which this concatenation induced her to take in his concerns: his face was not indeed regularly handsome but its expression was far more touching than beauty, and the mellifluous tones of his voice bespoke a heart tremblingly alive to all those finer sensations impressed by the bountiful Creator of the universe on the soul of man.

It is now high time to inform the reader who Mrs. Walsingham was, that is, as far as that lady's history was known, (or conjectured to be known) in the neighbourhood of K—. About twelve years before the commencement of this history, Mrs. Walsingham, as she was pleased to call herself, came to reside within a mile of K—, with one daughter, whom she reported to be her only child, and herself the widow of a clergy-

man. Clara Walsingham appeared at that time to be about six years of age, and was certainly a beautiful girl. Rumour, however, (whom our great Dramatist exhibits covered with a multitude of tongues, and travelling with the speed of forked lightning) intirely discredited the story of the lady, and proceeded to affirm that she was nothing more than the discarded mistress of some great personage; and further asserted that she at present subsisted on a pension allowed by her 'cidevant' lover. The landlord of the White Hart, who was famous for selling brown nappy, and esteemed throughout all K—as a man of erudition, ventured still farther, for he pledged his honour that she was the famous Mrs. R—who was formerly the *chere amie* of the Prince. "For why," continued he, "had she any landed property, we should know by this time where to find it; and if she was a West Indian, why that would be known in Bristol; if she had a pension of any sort, the parson, or some *credible* person, must know it: so from all this, and some recollection of her person, I conjecture that, though a good christian in the main, she is no better than she should be. I am sure by her sweet tongue she is neither Jew, Turk, nor Infidel, as our parson says heresy or *sessamy*; and remember what I now tell you, and who says nay?" The audible whisper of the landlord of the White Hart was speedily carried round the country, and, gathering strength from circulation, became in the general opinion authenticated by the invariable secrecy which Mrs. Walsingham ever observed concerning her fortune and connexions. A discerning few did indeed doubt the truth of this surmise; but as it was no business of theirs, they were perfectly satisfied with letting their neighbours enjoy their own opinion; and as every attempt towards contradiction must have caused some little trouble, they strove not to fathom its foundation:—and thus the unfortunate being whom it concerned was generally avoided, as it was impossible ladies of reputation could visit the discarded *fille de joye* even of a prince!

Miss Winifred Wrinkle usually drew up her crazy head when Mrs. Walsingham was mentioned, and with a sarcastic sneer took her pinch of *Maccabaw* in silence. Mrs. Candour was obliged to give up every idea of *defending* her character; and Miss Frail studiously endeavoured to propagate her supposed

failing, in hopes of lessening by that means the flagrancy attached to her own conduct. Yet, notwithstanding the popular prejudice in her disfavour, I flatter myself the gentle and ingenuous mind of my reader will reject every report to her disadvantage, and believe her, what her language and manners during the short time we have been introduced to her have evinced—namely, a humane, virtuous, and religious woman.

The landlord of the White Hart had seen our hero descend from Mrs. Walsingham's carriage, and, as was usual with him, had made many comments on the occasion, and he now waited at the door of his habitation, hat in hand, to receive the new guest Madam Walsingham had brought him; with many compliments and much circumlocution, he continued for some time to recommend his "brown stout," when the feelings of poor Lewisham, almost too acute for words, and harrassed by his impertinent officiousness, at length found vent, and in a voice suffocated by sobs he desired to be conducted to the apartment where lay the remains of the lieutenant.

We shall in silence pass over the effervescence of a first sorrow in an ardent and impetuous mind, newly initiated in the school of adversity, and only observe, that having seen the clay-cold remains of the best of parents deposited in the bosom of its mother, he returned and shut himself up in the solitude of his own room, where he continued till the following day, a prey to the most acute suffering. He had lost not only his sole remaining parent, but the only being who in the wide world appeared interested in his welfare; his prospects in life were shut in, as he thought, for ever; the world he was ignorant of; he had little property, and less friends; and though his heart was one of the worthiest and best which ever inhabited a human bosom, yet it sank in hopeless despondency. He was not insensible to the advantage he derived from an uncommonly prepossessing person; he could not be indifferent to his own mental excellency; and his heart expanded in ardent gratitude to that ever to be lamented friend, who, had confined and restricted his own wishes, to give him every polish which the best education is capable of bestowing. Yet, notwithstanding all this superiority, he shrunk abashed from every idea of contending with the affluent, the highly connected, the noble—or he had seen enough already to know how little

sterling merit is regarded when put in competition with them. Yet what plan of life to pursue was totally out of his power to determine: the present prospect was full of gloom, retrospection was embittered by this irreparable loss, and futurity held out no hope to enliven the perspective. Thus, at war with the world, and eager to banish recollection, he put on his hat, and strolled into the church-yard, unconscious of the gaze his elegant figure attracted, and the observation he was liable to from the exposed situation of the walk he had chosen. The mild air of a fine summer's evening insensibly calmed the agitation of his spirits; and the melancholy mementos of mortality by which he was surrounded, though they could not conquer his depression, yet instructed him that when a few, very few years had passed over his head, 'life's fretful fever would have subsided'—"and what then," cried he, mentally, "will avail the vanity of ambition, or the pride of wealth? O, my father! hereafter in the regions of the blessed shall thy pure spirit mingle with mine in hymning hallelujahs to the Supreme, if I do but follow thy example, and regulate my conduct by thy precepts; arrived at the solemn period when existence shall close, will the honours, the riches of this world arrest the hand of death?—will they banish the pangs of disease?—will they calm the agonies of conscience? Alas! no. Then let me rise superior to all anxiety in their pursuit, and resting on the goodness of my Creator, in humbleness of heart exclaim, "Thy will be done." So saying, he turned his footsteps towards the White Hart, and hastening to his apartment, he now first espied a letter directed for him, and evidently in the handwriting of the deceased lieutenant, and by its cover he discerned it had been returned from —, to which place it had been mis-sent: he hastily broke the seal, and found it contained the words which follow in the succeeding chapter.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WAYNE.

BON REPOS is the French cant for *good night*, Washington drank it for a signal to break up; for the moment the company had swallowed the General's *Bon repos*, it was take hats and retire. General Wayne, who, fortunately for America, understood fighting much better than French, had, some how or other, taken up a notion that the same *bon repos*, to

whom Washington always gave his last bumper, must have been some great warrior of the times of old. Having by some extraordinary luck, gotten into his possession two or three dozen of good old wine, he invited a number of hearty fellow-officers to dine with him, and help him to break them to the health of America. As soon as the cloth was removed, and the bottles on the table, the hero of Stony-Point cried out, "Come, my brave Comrades, fill your glasses—here's old *bon repos* forever!" The officers were struck with astonishment; and having turned off their glasses, rose up, one and all, to go. "Heyday! what's all this, gentlemen, what's all this?"—"Why, did you not drink *bon repos* or *good night*?"—"What! is that the meaning of it?"—"Yes."—Well, then a fig for *bon repos*, and take your seats again; for by the life of Washington, you shall not stir a peg, till we have started every drop of our drink."

ANECDOTE,

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE late Empress Queen was supported in the dominions of her father, chiefly by the loyalty, generosity, and intrepidity of her Hungarian subjects. To express her gratitude, her majesty relaxed the penal laws against dissenters from the established religion, which is that of the church of Rome, and granted them a liberal toleration. But scarce had her eyes been closed in death, when a bigotted Hungarian prelate, fired with a mad zeal for the established religion, esteeming toleration in any shape, to be un-christian, and vainly imagining that to persecute dissenters, would be highly acceptable to the Almighty, began in his diocese to let loose the penal laws against non-conformists, supposing that toleration had, and ought to have expired with the Queen. The court of chancery of Hungary, however, thought differently; and, after a minute investigation of the bishop's conduct, pronounced it downright tyrannical. The decree was sent to the Emperor a few days after his royal mother's death; he gave it the fullest sanction of his approbation; and writ under it with his own hand, the following in latin words—"Placet, et hortor vos omnes ad mansuetudinem et charitatem, quod est suprema lex Jesu Christi."—I am well pleased, and I exhort you all to gentleness and charity, which is the supreme law of Jesus Christ."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE MEDITATOR—No. III.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

Pope.

HOW exalted is the soul of that man who has explored the mystic works of Nature, and brought within the compass of his understanding the various phenomena that environ the universal globe. To reduce the immense chain of invariable laws to a regular process—dispelling the mists of prodigies which ignorance begets and gradually exhibiting the benign influence of ALL moving in unison to the requiring majesty of CREATION'S FATHER! When the revolving planets and numberless satellites become subordinate to the enquiring eye, and the elementary system subservient to human grandeur, the heart feels its kindred and acknowledges the goodness of an OMNISCIENT MASTER, from whom, the WHOLE imparts a genial glow and unspeakable delight to the humble sovereign of HIS glorious work. But still this finite spirit is liable to be hurried away by the unrelenting tide of passion and to forget the sacred rites of his co-existing creatures; yet the aid of moral philosophy has pointed out the road to conduct him to sociality, and shews him the mutual dependence that links him to society, which acts in concert to respect the immunities of each in proportion to the claim derived from its support. Hence the man who has analyzed this science will feel its necessity: the sublime thoughts which arise from its contemplation lifts his mind to the noble conceptions of conforming his conduct agreeably to the pure dictates of justice and probity. And shall the uninformed intelligence whose views have extended no farther than to subsist and patiently wait till dissolution call him to the earth from which he was formed, be compared to him who has brought forth tidings from the northern to the southern pole—who has displayed the irradiating attributes of a DEITY, and sought the most beneficial ethics to disseminate light and rule to the supine observer of lethargic repose? How contemptible is the man who exhibits his external possessions—his pompous attendance and magnificent apparel as spectacles of greatness. Boast

not ye sons of opulence and prodigality, your acquisitions will give you but a transitory satisfaction, while the meek and enlightened will feel a lasting felicity from a self-evident superiority and the conviction of the progress they have made towards perfection.

Let us examine how far the safety of a state depends by the diffusion of knowledge among its subjects. All monarchical and despotic governments have derived their origin and duration by deception or prejudice; for it would be absurd to suppose that a people knowing an equality in birth, privileges to maintain civil liberty, and right to preserve just and accumulated property, would ever submit to surrender such inestimable blessings but through the means of diabolical subtlety and profound dissimulation. In order therefore to continue this imposition, it was necessary to preclude learning from falling to the lot of the people generally, as it is evident if these measures were not pursued subversion would inevitably follow the government and its minions. But similar efforts cannot be referable to a free people as we shall endeavour to prove, by evincing that a contrary principle should be strenuously upheld.

Instinct teaches us that no solid comfort can be procured but through the medium of society; to prevent that from decaying some consistent form is invented to hold the members in unity and to minister such acts as most conform to reason and as arise from the nature of that constituted form. As the species become prolific it is necessary to instruct them to develop the various works of the creation that they may know and adore its Maker,—to inform them the doctrines of moral science as directives for action in life and to exhort them to uphold that pillar which was raised by common consent as a guaranty for virtue and protection. Hence we may imply that the continuance and actual prosperity of a free state is supported by the information and consequent ability of its citizens; for, if truth was the fundamental basis of the constitution, truth only could maintain it; and to discover this, the ascent should be made easy of access and the path unobstructed by any literary monopoly. The source of instruction is open to all; but a fatal mistake has been engendered, that nature has bestowed a superior genius on some and left others destitute, or with but a small portion; but let us believe that incidents

accidently occurring will excite certain powers to action and produce what are called talents, which otherwise would have slept in eternal oblivion. The soil which is supposed to be sterile may, by perseverance and industry be made to yield fruit of as delicate a flavour as that which generates abundance without culture.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults and feel our own.

Pope.

The design of literary debating societies deserves particular attention. To these places there are few who may not resort to imbibe the first rudiments of public speaking; when conducted with propriety the excellent purposes they serve reflects lustre upon the institutions, and the laudable intentions of the members entitle them to the highest commendations. The excitement they give to study is obvious; as subjects are appointed for discussion, and the emulation which always exists induces the members to make opposite researches to contest the point congenial to their sentiments, and the argument of the opponents for which matter is never wanting, will be impartially weighed and a correct decision mostly ensue. It is here they become sensible of their own capacity by having a fair field to advance and recede, acquiring a facility of expression and such a command of speech, that in a short time fits them for discoursing without diffidence, in public assemblies.

When we consider how ennobled is the man who has brought within his sphere the highest attainments of ingenuity and knowledge—when we contemplate the prospect of enjoyment which presents itself to him by having fulfilled the task enjoined in this probationary existence, we are impelled to look upon the one who is content merely with the faculty of speech and whose leisure hours are spent in idleness, as unworthy the epithet of MAN. The former is raised to the utmost pinnacle of magnanimity and happiness, while the latter derogates so much from his dignity, that excepting the difference of structure, the vilest brute has with him an equal claim to the fellowship of mortal communication.

M. C.

Reflection.

ONE would wonder that in a court where there is so little kindness, there should be so much whispering.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XII.

"Witches, and ghosts, who rove at midnight hour."

THERE are not, I believe, many topics which have been more subjects of speculation, or which are involved in greater doubt, than that of the re-appearance in this world of departed spirits. From the earliest ages a belief of this kind has had credit, though it is now daily losing ground. Not like many moral or philosophical subjects, which though in the greatest degree abstruse, may be made clear by strong, forcible arguments which necessarily enforce conviction; this is of such a nature, that we never can (positively) come at the truth. The appearances which ghosts put on when they present themselves to mortals is also a subject of much dispute. The superstition of former days supposed them to appear in the most horrid shapes, and as often supposed them sent for the most horrid purposes. Those whose actions in the world were such as held them up to detestation, and such as tended to destroy the peace of those around them; when dead, taking the appearance of a fiend and instigated by the "enemy of man," were imagined to appear in the country which had been the scene of their earthly iniquity, and to spread terror and desolation over the face of it! In later times however, those who believe in their appearance suppose them to come, if not as they did whilst living, at least in some manner more congenial to reason. Supposing this to be the case, the idea of seeing and conversing with a departed friend has to me nothing horrid or disagreeable in it; it is a sensation pleasing, though awful. At that solemn hour when all around is still and quiet, when "all nature has sunk into repose," the presence of one with whom I had formerly lived in habits of intimacy, and friendship; to hear him converse, to see those features which to the world were lost forever, dressed with the appearance of benignity (for so only can I imagine them to seem) and not under the appearance of a scowling fiend, is a situation I would sacrifice much to be placed in.

There are times in which peculiar reflections strike the mind with much greater force than at others. This is the case with a subject like the present; night is the time when ghosts are said to appear, and to a person then alone, such

reflections are truly interesting. He believes not in their reality, but, indulging on such a topic, he naturally recalls to mind all the stories relative to it, which he has heard, and cannot help for the moment, a sentiment of something very like fear.

If we could establish to a certainty, whether departed persons are ever permitted to revisit the earth, I think much unhappiness would be prevented. persons of a superstitious nature employ their thoughts, daily (or to speak more correctly) nightly, in a manner not by any means agreeable. A kind of secret dread prevades them on recalling to recollection a particular friend, or bitter enemy who may lately have departed. Even should it have been one with whom they had been united by the tenderest ties, a wife, a child, a parent, they cannot generally divest themselves of dread at the idea of their being presented before them. Others who, though they are of this same disposition, yet possessed of stronger minds, meet such reflections with rather a sentiment of pleasure. On all such subjects I am a confirmed sceptic. I cannot reason myself into a belief that departed persons are, on any account whatever, permitted to revisit the world: It is a belief far better suited to the times, when the arts of designing priests and monks held the world in fetters of ignorance; and indeed, where they retain the greater influence there the ignorance, and brutality of the people is found to be proportionate.

Much may be said by the credulous in favour of this belief. Few there are but can recount some adventure which has happened within their own knowledge. Attempt to reason with one of this cast, and he will instantly, overwhelm you with stories which he has heard, and sometimes with adventures in which he has been engaged, where he has seen enough perfectly to confirm him in his belief. But if we attentively examine who the people are who have thus been convinced, by the evidence of their own eyes and ears, we shall find that they almost always have been among the weak, and ignorant. Very seldom is a person of abilities and information to be found, who gives credit to such stories, or who has been convinced by the evidence of his senses. Hence I would conclude, that the former have been deceived by a distempered imagination which will lead a person to believe any thing.

Reason, we are told by some, forbids not the belief; to me it appears different: Who is the favoured mortal for whose benefit the order of things is to be reversed? "When the body returns to dust," "the spirit" (we believe) "returns to God who gave it," and surely we may conclude "it to be seen of men no more." Where indeed is the advantage which is to result to any person from such a circumstance? Is it to warn him to reform his course of life? To warn him of his end? It might indeed be an effectual admonition; but why should one particular person enjoy this advantage. Numbers, both virtuous, and wicked, daily depart without a moment's warning, without any interfering spirit to tell them, to make preparation. Those who conceit that they have been thus admonished, have not generally been persons whose lives have differed from the rest of mankind, or men whose exertions have been greater in the cause of vice or virtue: Of virtue, thereby entitling themselves to greater favours from heaven; of vice to warn them to desist from wickedness. If we see a few solitary instances of men of acknowledged good sense, giving credence to these "ghostly opinions!" we shall find that their belief does not proceed so much from conviction as from prejudices early imbibed, from having ideas inculcated, which have warped and contracted their minds; ideas which are not in maturer years easily eradicated.

To conclude, it has been a custom with many to make the most solemn agreements, that whichever should die first should (if possible) return to inform the other what might be their situation in a future state; but the many who have thus agreed, died; and their never having fulfilled their promise is a convincing proof of its impossibility. Among others Dr. FRANKLIN in his life mentions a club to which he belonged, the members of which had solemnly agreed to visit the survivors, and give them an account of the other world, but remarks, that though all were dead except himself none had ever returned to fulfil his promise.

P.

The motto of the last number should read thus:—

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula sagas
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque.

And in the bottom, of the second column, for Miss Ann Yearsley, read Mrs. Ann Yearsley.

WHAT THEN!

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to myself, I am convinced, that if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to others.

When I was seventeen years of age my father died, and left my mother with me and six other children in great distress. My aunt, offered to take me as a chambermaid. As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer who had always been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advising me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and he added likewise, that he had prepared a faithful Monitor to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be preserved from the danger so much dreaded. He then gave me written in large on a card WHAT THEN? enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me, that whenever any one flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called, I should steadily reply WHAT THEN? and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat WHAT THEN?

I assured him I should endeavour to follow his advice, and accordingly I went to my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied WHAT THEN? It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers, and so preserved my character unsullied.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the marriage state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often professed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage. I had therefore recourse to my faithful Monitor, and so repeatedly that I found him alarmed by it; for at length in answering WHAT THEN? he replied, I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my Monitor.

This inestimable PRESERVATIVE I would recommend to all young women,

to secure them against the various arts of seduction so frequently practised to the ruin of the unguarded. Consider well these two important words WHAT THEN? Pause a while—Beware—Resist the Temptation.—What must be the consequence of listening to these Seducers—Ah! WHAT THEN?

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF LACKINGTON.

IN the former part of my life (says the eccentric LACKINGTON) I saw a deal of what is called low-life; but among all schools where the knowledge of mankind is to be acquired. I know of none equal to that of a *bookseller's shop*; especially if the master is of a communicative and inquisitive turn. His shop is a place of resort for men, women, and children of various nations, and of as various capacities and dispositions. Here you may find an old *Bawd* inquiring for "the countess of Huntingdon's Hymn book"—an old wornout *Rake* for "Harris's list of Covent Garden ladies"—simple *Simon* for "the art of writing love-letters"—a *doubting* Christian for "the crumbs of comfort"—and a practical *anti-nomian* for "Eton's honey-comb of free justification"—the pious *church woman* for the "week's preparation"—and the *Atheist* for "Hammond's Letters to Dr. Priestley"—the *Mathematician* for "Sanderson's fluxions"—and the *Beau* for the "Toilet of Flora"—the *Courtier* for "Machiavel's Prince" or "Burke on the Revolution in France"—and a *Republican* for Pain's Rights of Man—the poor *Politician* wants the "History of Wat Tyler" or of the "Fisherman of Naples"—and the old *Pensioner* calls for "the History of the Wars of glorious Queen Anne"—the *critic* calls for Bayley's Historical Dictionary—Blair's Lectures—Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and the last month's reviews;—and my *Barber* wants "the Sessions Paper" or the "Trial of John the Painter"—the *Free-thinker* asks for "Hume's Essays"—and the young *Student* for "Leland's view of Deistical writers"—the *Fortune teller* wants "Salmon's soul of astrology" or "Sanderson's secrets of palmistry"—an old *hardened Sinner* wants "Bunyan's good news for the vilest of men"—and a *moral christian* wants the whole Duty of man"—Miss W— calls for "Homer in Greek"—and a young *Divine* for "Juliet Grenville" a novel.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF REPULSION.

THAT there is really existing in nature such a cause as Repulsion, is evident from facts and experience. In the first place, "all bodies are electrical, or capable of being made so; and electrical bodies both attract and repel. Secondly, both attraction and repulsion are very conspicuous in all magnetical bodies. Thirdly, Sir, Isaac Newton has shewn, from experiment, that the surfaces of two convex glasses repel each other. Fourthly, the same great Philosopher has explained the elasticity of the air, by supposing its particles of light are in part, at least, repelled from the surface of all bodies. Lastly, it seems highly probable that the particles of light mutually repel each other. The air is always rarified by heat, and that in a greater proportion as the heat is more intense. What then must that rarefaction be in the focus of *Villette's Speculum*? Perhaps a more perfect vacuum would not be produced by the best air-pumps. But suppose half the air still remaining, its expansive force will be equal to a column of Mercury of fifteen inches in height. What is it that supports this extraordinary weight? A Cartesian will tell us, perhaps, that there is no vacuum at all; but that the air is drove out of its place by the subtile matter; which being moved with great rapidity by the matter of the first element, i. e. light, and whirled round in a vortex, by its centrifugal force, is determined every way to fly off, and so counteract the pressure of the air. But how can light, which moves, in this case, all in one direction, communicate a motion to the subtile matter, so that it shall act in all directions? Another difficulty arises from the defect in the momentum of light; which being supposed the *primum mobile*, ought to act with a force equal to several pounds of mercury. Now, as all these difficulties vanish if we only admit a repulsion between the particles of light themselves, and betwixt them and the air, we can have no reason to doubt of the fact; especially since it is plain, from the reasons above, that there is such a cause as Repulsion in Nature.

EXTRACTS

From the Ancient Records of Massachusetts.

JOSIAH PLAISTOWE, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be

called by the name of Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.

Captain Stone for abusing Mr. Ludlow, and calling him justass, is fined an hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent without the Governor's leave upon pain of death.

Serjeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turis to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, for the wood work of Boston stocks, is fined four pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.

Captain Lovel, admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Thomas Petit for suspicion of slander, idleness, stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.

Catharine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found suspicious of incontinency, and seriously admonished to take heed.

Daniel Clarke, was found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

John Kitchen, for shewing books which he was commanded to bring to the governor and forbid to shew them to any other, and yet shewed them, was fined ten shillings.

Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, was sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour.

ANECDOTE.

A Lawyer boasting to an honest countryman that a gentleman, whom he had never been in company with *more than once*, had left him a legacy. "Like enough (replied Hodge) but if he had been *twice* in thy company, I'll be hanged if he would have left you a farthing."

COURT OF CUPID.

MARCOFF VS. DONALDSON.

AN action of trover was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for the recovery of his heart, unjustly detained by her.

The facts, that turned out in evidence, were, the defendant appeared to be beautiful, good-naured, witty and wealthy, and the plaintiff supposing her so, voluntarily bestowed his affections upon her, but afterwards discovered, that her beauty was

artificial, her good nature affected, her wit borrowed, and her wealth imaginary; and under these circumstances brought this action.

The question was, whether as he had voluntarily resigned himself, without any apparent exertions on the part of the defendant to ensnare him, he should be permitted to take advantage of his own weakness and inconstancy, and be entitled to recover?

And the court decided, that where deceit of any kind was practised, directly or indirectly, the persons deceived should be released from their engagements and be restored to their former situation.

Philadel^a, June 16, 1804.

LITERARY FAIR.

The annual meeting of the American Company of Booksellers will commence in the City of New-York on Monday next.

"UNION ACADEMY OF DOYL'S TOWN."

Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

THE trustees of the Union, Academy of Doyl's Town, take this method of informing the public, that a seminary for the instruction of youth; will be opened in Doyl's Town, on Monday the 25th of June next, under the superintendence of the Rev. Uriah Dubois.

The course of instruction will consist of the following useful branches of education. The Latin and Greek classics; a grammatical knowledge of the English and French languages; Geography, including Astronomy, and the use of the Globes; Oratory and the Belles Lettres; Practical Mathematics and the rudiments of Natural Philosophy. All the common branches of English education will also be carefully attended to by assisting teachers.

The delightful and healthy situation of Doyl's Town, its many natural and local advantages, render it as eligible a place for a public seminary of learning as any in the state of Pennsylvania.

Students may be accommodated with convenient lodging, upon very reasonable terms, in the town and its vicinity. Doyl's Town is 26 miles from Philadelphia, on the Bethlehem road.—The Bethlehem and Easton mail stages run through the town twice a week.

By order of the Trustees,

HUGH MEREDITH,
NATHANIEL SHEWELL,
JOSIAH Y. SHAW.

Acting Committee.

Doyl's Town, June 9.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

June 2nd, 1804

THE following gentlemen were nominated Doctors of Medicine, having previously presented their inaugural dissertations, and defended them before the trustees and medical faculties of said university:

1. William Darlington, of Pennsylvania, on the mutual influence of habits and disease.
2. Elijah Griffiths, of Philadelphia, on ophthalmia.

3. Whitmel N. Pugh, of North-Carolina, on the supposed power of nature in the cure of disease.

4. Stibbins Fifth of Philadelphia, (a native of Salem, New-Jersey) on the malignant fever of North-America, with an attempt to prove its non-contagious nature from reason, observation, and experiment.

5. Phineas Jenkins, of Pennsylvania, on the analogy of the Asiatic and African plague, and the American yellow fever.

6. William Shaw, of Philadelphia, on the autumnal epidemic of 1803.

7. Austin Brackenborough, jun. of Virginia, a botanical, chemical essay on two native species of laurus.

8. James Archer, of Maryland, on the effects and modus operandi, of the carbonates of lime, magnesia, and pot ash.

9. John Rush, of Philadelphia, on the cause and prevention of sudden death.

10. John Parker of North-Carolina, on fractures of the leg.

11. John H. Camp, of Virginia, on the use of mercury in fevers.

12. John Hoskins, of Virginia, on the dysentery.

13. James Cocke, of Virginia, on the extensive inflammation which attacks wounded cavities.

14. Peter Miller, of Philadelphia, on the means of lessening the pains of parturition.

15. Edwin A. Atlee, of Pennsylvania, on the influence of music in the cure of diseases.

The degree of Doctor in Divinity, on the rev. John M. Mason, and Samuel Miller, of New-York.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the South Carolina college, Columbia, Dr. *Jonathan Moxey*, President of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. was duly elected president of that institution, with a salary of 5000 dollars per annum and a house free; and Dr. *John M'Lean*, Princeton college, New-Jersey, was duly elected professor of mathematics and natural philosophy.

MARRIED—on Thursday evening 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. *William Middleton* to Miss *Catharine Neveling*, daughter of the rev. John Neveling, of the Northern Liberties.

—On the same evening by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. *William Haves*, to Miss *Catharine Hull*, both of this city.

—On Thursday the 7th inst. by the Rev. James Grey, Dr. *Charles Meredith* of Doyl's-town, Bucks co. to Miss *Isabella Dick* of this city.

To Correspondents.

The latter part of E—'s note meets an opinion which the Editor did not wish to express.

The illiberal and illiterate remarks of J. K. merit the Editor's contempt.

"The Reporter, No. I." is received, but no decision respecting the merits of its author can be founded on this essay; should it be his intention to continue the subject which it appears at this time induced him to use the pen, without discovering more prominent traits of judgment, genius or wit than are discernible in his first communication, he cannot be admitted as a correspondent in the Repository.

To gratify the taste of a respectable class of his readers, the Editor has in this number commenced the publication of "NETTERVILLE," an interesting novel, which he flatters himself will meet with general approbation.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers...to those who pay in advance 3 dollars per vol.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

*To a young LADY after the DEATH of
her BROTHER.*

WHILE grief and sadness fill thy troubled soul,
And each emotion yields to their controul;
Fain would my muse a healing balm bestow,
To dry thy tears and mitigate thy woe.
But while remembrance to affection true,
Paints the loved object of thy grief to view,
Vain is th' attempt to stay the flood of grief,
For tears and time alone can give relief;
As streams can wear the hardest rocks away,
And time will make the world itself decay.
Then rather let the christian's part be mine,
To sigh with thee and mingle tears with thine;
Each earnest sigh that heaves the feeling breast,
Softens the sorrows of the suff'ring breast,
The silent tear that trickles down the cheek,
More comfort gives than thousand words can speak.
But tho' affection asks the gen'rous tear;
Yet let not weeping be thy only care,—
Oh! let not grief for ever hold her sway,
Prey on thy form, and wear thy life away.
Think—tho' cut down in manhood's earliest bloom,
Thy brother's form reposes in the tomb;
'Tis but his form;—th' immortal part remains
Safe from the shock of death and mortals' pains;
No longer toss'd on life's tempestuous main,
Where blackning storms o'erhang each changingscene,
Where disappointment lifts her with'ring hand,
And mis'ry's hosts in threat'ning order stand;
But far removed from scenes of pain and strife,
He feels no more the various ills of life.
If life were one unclouded day of joy,
Could death our hope of endless bliss destroy,
Well might we dread his summons to obey
And sink with horror to our native clay:
But *Hope* triumphant points to realms on high,
To realms celestial 'neath a kinder sky,
Where happiness in ev'ry breast shall reign,
Unmix'd with care and undisturb'd with pain,
Where we shall meet when life's sad journey's o'er,
Unceasing bliss enjoy, and separate no more.

Fancy beholds him cloth'd in peerless light,
Brighter than beaming stars that cheer the night,
Viewing from yonder blissful seats on high,
Thy streaming tears and list'ning to each sigh
And hark! a heav'nly voice methinks I hear,
In solemn cadence strike th' attentive ear!
"Restrain sweet maid," it cries, "thy tears restrain,
Hush ev'ry sigh and banish ev'ry pain,

Mourn not my death tho' hard the blow to thee,
Joyful I bless the happy change to me;
Free from the pangs which thou art doom'd to bear
Ah couldst thou know th' extatic bliss I share,
T' would dry thy tears and ev'ry grief dispel,
A sudden tide of joy thy breast would swell;
Thou wouldst not meet the hour of death with dread,
But bless the hand which lays thee with the dead.
But mortals heav'n permits to know no more,
'Till their pure spirits reach th' eternal shore.
Then in obedience bow to heav'n's behest,
And let religion calm thy troubled breast."

ADELIO.

DESCRIPTION OF SPLEEN.

HIGH on an ebon throne, supremely wrought
With each fierce figure of fantastic thought,
In a deep cove, where no bright beam intrudes,
O'er her black schemes the sullen empress broods.
The shriek owl's mingled with the raven's plume
Shed o'er her furrow'd brows an awful gloom;
A garb, that glares with stripes of lucid flame;
Wraps in terrific pomp her haggard frame;
Round her a serpent, as her zone, is roll'd,
Which writhing, stings itself in every fold.

Near her pavilion, in bombastic state,
Four mutes the mandates of their queen await.
From sickly fancy bred by fullen sloth,
Both parents' curse, yet pamper'd still by both,
First stands Disease; an hag of magic power,
Varying her frightful visage every hour,
Her horrors height'ning, as those changes last,
And each new form more hideous than the past.
Detraction next, a shapeless fiend, appears,
Whose shrivell'd hand a misty mirror rears;
Fram'd by malignant art, th' infernal toy
Inverts the lovely mien of smiling joy,
Robs roscate beauty of attractive grace,
And gives a stepdame's frown to nature's face,
The third in place, but with a fiercer air,
See the true gorgon Disappointment glare!
By whose petrifice power delight's o'erthrown;
And hope's warm heart becomes an icy stone.
Last, in a gorgeous robe that ill bestowed,
Bows her mean body by its cumbrous load,
Stands fretful Discontent, of fiends the worst,
By dignity debas'd, by blessings curst,
Who poisons pleasure with the sourest leaven,
And makes a hell of love's extatic heaven.

The guide celestial, near his ghastly group,
Perceiv'd her tender charge with terror droop;
"Fear not sweet maid," she cries, "my steps pursue!
Nor gaze too long on this infernal crew!
Turn from detraction's fascinating glass!
In silence cross the throne! observe and pass!
Beyond this dome's the palace of the queen,
Her empire winds thro' many a dreary scene,

Where she torments, as their deserts require,
Her various victims, that on earth expire;
Each class apart: for in a different cell
The fierce, the fretful, and the sullen dwell:
These shalt thou slightly view, in vapours hur'd,
And swiftly then regain thy native world,
But first remark, within that ample nich,
With every quaint device of splendor rich,
Yon phantom, who, from, vulgar eyes withdraw,
Appears to stretch in one eternal yawn:
Of empire here he holds the tottering helm,
Prime minister in Spleen's discordant realm,
The pillar of her spreading state, and more,
Her darling offspring, whom on earth she bore;
For, as on earth his wayward mother stray'd,
Grandeur with eyes of fire, her form survey'd,
And with strong passion starting from his throne,
Unloos'd the sullen queen's reluctant zone,
From his embrace, conceived in moody joy,
Rose the round image of the bloated boy:
His nurse was Indolence; his tutor Pomp,
Who kept the child from every childish romp;
They rear'd their nursing to the bulk you see,
And his proud parents call'd their imp ENNUI.
A thousand shapes he wears now pert, now prim,
Pursues each grave conceit, or idle whim;
In arms, in arts, in government engages,
With monarchs, poets, politicians, sages;
But drops each work, the moment it's begun,
And, trying all things, can accomplish none:
Yet o'er each rank, and age, and sex, his sway
Spreads undiscern'd, and makes the world his prey,
The light coquet, amid flirtation sighs,
To find him lurk in pleasure's vain disguise;
And the grave nun discovers, in her cell,
That holy water but augments his spell.
As the strange monster of the serpent breed,
That haunts, as travellers tell, the marshy mead,
Devours each noble beast, tho' firmly grown
To size and strength superior to his own;—
For on the grazing horse, or larger bull,
Subtly he springs, of dark saliva full,
With swiftly-darting tongue his prey anoints
With venom, potent to dissolve its joints,
And, while its bulk in liquid poison swims,
Swallows its melting bone, and fluid limbs;—
So this Ennui, this wonder working elf,
Can vanquish powers far mightier than himself:
Nor wit, nor science soar his reach above,
And oft he seizes on successful love.
Of all the radiant host who lend their aid
To light mankind thro' life's bewildering shade,
Bright charity alone, with cloudless ray,
May boast exemption from his baleful sway:
Haste then, sweet nymph, nor let us longer roam
Round the drear circle of this dangerous dome!
Lest e'en thy guide, entangled in his spell,
Should fail to guard thee from a fiend so fell!"